

## Just a bit Dysfunctional

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## Just a bit Dysfunctional

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

Tommy had been alone in the system for as long as he could remember, bouncing around from home to home. He never lasted more than a few months.. why? He's loud, annoying, hiding his insecurities behind arrogance, and -oh yeah- the abuse.

After a bad time at his current foster home Tommy is sent to live with the Watson family, Phil and his two adopted sons, lets see how this is going to go then.

\*Platonic relationships only for now, later on that will change :D\*

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### Chapter one

Tommy couldn't remember the last time his chest hurt like this. Sitting in the back of his social worker's run down car, belongings clutched to his chest in an old black bag, teeth chattering, praying to escape the hell he was supposed to call 'home'.

Okay, Tommy knew he wouldn't stay at the place for long, the system was fucked like that, but two weeks... It only took two weeks for the abuse to get bad enough that he called Cara. This was his eighth home this year and it was barely the end of the summer holidays. His chest hurt like hell *Probably cracked ribs* he thought to himself, watching his social worker call place after place to find somewhere for him to stay. The homes were full, always were at this time of year so he was probably going to be shipped off to some foster family that either couldn't deal with his problems or would use him as a punching bag (Usually both).

"Okay, Tommy, Lucky for you I have found a lovely home for you." Cara started, giving Tommy her best hopeful face. "The man's name is Mr Watson, he has fostered before and has two adopted sons."

"Okay," Tommy mumbled, these families were the worst, always ending out to be some sort of prison with crazy rules.

"We are going to be able to get you there after lunch, do you want to go to the hospital beforehand?" Cara was trying to hide the worry from her face, three years being Tommy's social worker told her he didn't react well to pity.

"No I'm good, Where does this guy live?" Tommy said, fiddling with a rubber band on his wrist. Sure, breathing hurt, but he didn't need some doctor to tell him what he already knew.

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Okay, so maybe tommy was worried, they had been driving for what seemed like hours to pull up at some rich-person house in a rich-person town. Tommy wasn't supposed to be in places like this, he was a *problem child*. He didn't want to be some charity case to make some rich guy feel like he was a good person. After a few weeks, they'll get bored of their charity problem, realise he wasn't worth it, and send him off to wherever the system took him.

Pulling himself out of the back of the car he grabbed his small bag of belongings, wincing at the pain that consumed his body for a second. He smiled at Cara, as she walked past him and knocked on a door that looked like it's maintenance was worth more than tommy would in his entire life. A sort of mad scramble was heard from inside, muffled voices could be heard, but what they were saying was obscured. A man with blond hair and a kind (hah! Not for long) smile opened the door, panting slightly as though he had ran to get here.

Greeting Cara, the man grinned "Hi, I'm Phil and you must be Mrs Puffy? And Thomas? Please come in."

Tommy eyed this Phil character, trying to work out how abusive and/or controlling the rich fucker was. Normally, there would be some snarky response Tommy would have made to this greeting but

last night's beating had left him somewhat subdued and frightened. "Hi." He mumbled, stepping into the house after puffy and taking a note of the inside. The house looked well lived in, posh- but still with signs of wear, pictures littering the walls and items left lying around. *Not a neat freak then* Tommy thought before his attention was turned back to his knew foster 'dad'.

"It's lovely to meet you Mr Watson," Cara said, having cleared up all paperwork and other legalities and preparing to leave. "I'll leave you hear Tommy, are you sure you're okay?"

"uh- yeah." He said numbly, when did that all happen... Cara was leaving. Fear began to claw at his chest but he shoved it down behind a cocky grin as he waved off the only person he associated with safety.

"So, do you wanna be called Thomas or Tommy or what?" Phil asked, still smiling.

"Tommy." He mumbled, focusing anywhere but the man's face.

"Okay Tommy, So my two sons will be home after school, they just started but They're both 16, so a year older than you." Phil started, not being phased by Tommy's reluctance to talk. "I can show you around the house or to your room if you want?"

Tommy liked at him before quickly averting his gaze, reminded by the ache in his body "yes sir." He mumbled while twiddling with his hands.

"Please don't call me sir- It makes me feel old, just phil or whatever. Anyways, your room is this way, It's a bit empty- because I didn't know what you'd like but we can get stuff for it tomorrow. We need to go shopping anyway."

"You don't need to buy me anything big man," Tommy said, cockiness showing through his anxiety.

"Look, I'm not being rude but you clearly don't have a lot on you- so wee need to get you clothes and school stuff too," Phil said, seeing Tommy's eyes widen at the word school, "You won't have to go to school right away if you're not ready, but eventually you will need to."

"Aint schools still closed due to holadays and shit?" He said, silently hoping Phil Didn't have any rule against swearing – he didn't want a beating on his first day.

"Sadly, The school that wil and Techno go to (my sons) opened last week, and you'll be going there too. Here is your room, the bathroom is across the hall, do you want me to leave you to get settled?"

"Yes please"

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It took Tommy five minutes to unpack his possessions into his stupidly big room. It was pretty simple but much nicer than any place he'd had for a while. He filled the wardrobe and chest of drawers with his underwear, two tops, pair of spear jeans and an old hoodie he got a few years ago. He grabbed his coat, hanging it on a hook at the back of the door.

His secret wad of cash was shoved in between the memory foam mattress and the bottom of the bed with his bear (The only thing he has of his real family) sat on top of the expensive looking covers. That was all he had- bar a year-old toothbrush, watered-down toothpaste and half a stick of deodorant.

He then sat on his bed, breathing heavily and trying to ignore the overall ache of his body that he assumed was littered with deep blue bruises.

How long was this supposed to last? And when would Phil snap?

#### Chapter End Notes

Idk but enjoy :)

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Soooooo...

Tommy meeting Techno and Wilbur. Let's see how that goes.

Probably angst.

who knows

Aldo warnings for the whole story:

-self harm

-fighting

-panic attacks

-abuse (mentions for now)

enjoy :)

### Chapter Notes

please comment and stuff :)

### Chapter two

Tommy had holed himself up in the bedroom for the whole time he had been in the house. At around three, Phil called him down. As tommy reached the bottom of the stairs he came face to face with the most threatening-terrifying-holy-shit-he-could-kill-me person in the world. Long pink hair pulled in a braid with muscles that looked like the guy definitely visited the gym often. Behind him was honest-to-god the tallest man he had ever met with a fluffy lump of curled hair brushing the top of glasses.

“Tommy,” Phil said, smiling, “This is techno and Wilbur” pointing to each of his sons in turn.

“uh- hi” tommy said, awkward and way out of his comfort zone, sure, he could probably best tall-boy in a fight, but techno (who the hell calls their kid techno) looked like he could snap him with a toothpick.

“You sound like a fucking Gremlin” Wilbur said, frown marring his features while adjusting the hold on the guitar case he had clutched in his hand. This was followed by a grunt from techno who seemed to lack any interest in this conversation.

“Fuck you bitch!” Tommy burst out, forgetting his fear of the older men in the room so that he could form his pretence of cocky confidence.

Phil sighed, rubbing a hand over his eyes as Wilbur rolled his eyes and walked up the stairs, quickly followed by techno. Tommy stood looking at Phil uneasily, would the guy kill him for talking to his actual sons like that?

“So, Tommy, how are you settling in?” Phil said, smiling again and sitting on the sofa, gesturing

at the uneasy boy to sit across from him. Slowly and with a sceptical look, Tommy sat at the opposite side of the sofa- as far from Phil as possible.

“Umm, fine I guess.” He said, fiddling with the band on his wrist, snapping it a couple of times and relishing in the sharp sting that contrasted the eternal ache from the rest of his body.

“Okay, cool, sorry about the boys, they’re a bit anti-social. Anyway, I think I should probably go through rules and all. There’s nothing much, just curfew of 11pm, tell me when you’re going to places and we take turns doing the dishes after dinner. Any questions?”

“That’s it? Cool big man!” Tommy said.

“Okay, cool. Uh, dinner is going to be at six, do you have any allergies or something? I haven’t seen anything on your file...”

Tommy huffed at the mention of his file, now Phil knew how much of a ‘problem child’ he was and all the dirty details of abuse neglect and all that shit. “I’m allergic to nothing because I am a big man, obviously.”

“okay man, tomorrow we are going to go shopping and stuff with the boys because it’s a Saturday. Cool?”

“I- you don’t need to buy me anything.” Tommy huffed, he didn’t want to be indebted to anyone, especially not someone who will end up hitting him.

“I do Tommy, anyway, uh- I’m going to make dinner, but you can stay in here and watch tv if you want.”

“yeah, cool, thanks.”

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Tommy had been tightly tucked into the corner of the sofa for a couple of hours now, eyes trained on the tv that was playing some car show. His wrist was slightly red from the rubber band he was repeatedly snapping. Suddenly, he felt a dip on the sofa, as though someone had jumped on and the channel change to some trash singing competition. He came to turn and glare at a fluffy-haired llama that seemed to be dressed like an art teacher.

“What the fuck?” Tommy said, swallowing down any trepidation he had of the boy.

“It’s not your Tv, gremlin, fuck off.” Wilbur snarked at him, grinning like he already won when the younger boy seemed to boil with anger.

“Fuck you bitch boy; I was watching that.” Tommy was seeing red- he didn’t have anger issues, but this guy was a fucking piece of shi-

“Shame, go away, I want to watch it now.” Wilbur said with a grin, pushing the smaller blonde so he fell backwards of the side of the chair.

With a pained whimper (fuck his ribs hurt) he stood up and levelled his glare. “what the actual fuck is your problem?” He almost shouted, quieting his voice only due to fear of Phil.

“You’re so fucking weak, can’t even fall from a chair without crying.” Wilbur sneered, turning towards the television once again. In a blind rage, tommy pushed the taller male (who seemed surprised with the boy’s strength, causing his head to hit the hard wooden skeleton of the sofa.

Then tommy stormed upstairs, not seeing the tears gathering in the other boy's eyes.

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Tommy had never felt fear like this. That was a lie, he had -many times- but he was allowed to be hyperbolic in this situation. He had been sitting on his bed – not HIS bed, but the bed he would probably have for a couple of months. Then the most terrifying person in the house stormed into the room, practically grabbing the boy by his neck, and slamming him into the wall.

Trying not to cry by the pain racketing through his already beaten body tommy attempted to breath through the death clutch techno had on his neck. His eyes were wild looking anywhere but the deadly serial-killer look in the boy's eyes, shaking like a leaf in autumn.

"You fucking hurt my brother again, and I will kill you. I don't care whatever easy homes you've had before this where you've had free range to be a spoilt brat- that will not fucking happen here. Clearly you don't understand that most people in the system actually have a shit time and your easy life is not going to get in the way of my brother's happiness. Hurt him again and I will make you regret it- then tell Phil who will not hesitate to send you back to what I hope is a bad home, so you get what you deserve." Techno said, mouth next to his ear in the most chilling whisper Tommy could think of.

As the pink-haired boy stormed out the room, slamming the door closed, tommy sunk to the floor. He was shaking and his lungs seized up. Scrambling, he pushed himself into the smallest gap possible between his bed and the chest of drawers beside it. Ignoring his body that screamed in agony, he curled himself into the smallest space possible. Choking out sobs in between heaving breaths that weren't taking in any oxygen, tommy allowed the tears to stream down his face.

He couldn't breathe.

The air wasn't working.

He couldn't breathe- He couldn't breathe.

HecouldntbreathhecouldntbreathhecouldntbreathhehelpHELP!

Eventually, his breathing evened out, the strong grip he had pulling on his hair lessened, leaving only golden strands trapped between his fingers. The vomit churning in his stomach seemed to ease and he pulled himself tighter into a ball. Eyes feeling heavy, he fell asleep.

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"Dinners ready." Tommy was woken by a shout and slamming fist on his door as he pulled himself from his small cubby. He rushed into the bathroom, scrubbing tear tracks from his face, and begging his eyes to become less red and glossy. Taking a shaky breath, he crept silently downstairs. Rubbing a few stinging nail-shaped cuts that must have appeared from his breakdown.

"Tommy hi," Phil said happily, oblivious to the boy's previous breakdown. "I hope you like pasta, just grab a bowl and sit at the table."

Tommy smiled back and silently took a bowl before sitting as far away from the other boys, noticing Wilbur's victorious smirk but not even caring. He knew that it'd only be a short while till the abuse started but he was still sore from THE LITERAL PREVIOUS NIGHT and he didn't think it would happen so soon.

"So, Tommy," Phil said, breaking the suffocating silence that had developed in the room "Tell us something about yourself, any hobbies or stuff?"

Tommy looked up to see a death glare from techno and a satisfied smirk from Wilbur. “nowt much” he mumbled training his eyes on the food in front of him.

Phil frowned at the change in attitude of the boy, he was quiet earlier sure, but everything he had heard from the boy was fairly charismatic and fun. “Cool, cool, well uh, I like playing video games, will, tech?”

“I do music,” Wilbur said, sill watching the younger boy with a satisfied gaze.

“I do swordplay and martial arts.” Techno drawled, attempting to hide his smirk as tommy flinched.

Phil did not miss the flinch Tommy made at Techno’s voice, frowning as he realised, he was going to have a long conversation with his two sons to find out what happened.

“That’s nice. Can I leave?” Tommy said, fidgeting with his hands.

“Sure thing, just remember we are going shopping tomorrow.” Phil said, levelling a glare at his two other sons who had the audacity to try and play innocent. He was going to get to the bottom of this.

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

Okay,  
serious talks and shopping trips. What could go wrong?

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

#### Chapter Three

Phil knew something was up for three main reasons:

- Tommy seemed to have a vocabulary change since the last time he had heard the boy speak.
- The kid literally flinched at techno's voice (what the fuck did his son do?)
- Wilbur had been fairly quiet the whole time when he expected him to be a brat and try and annoy Tommy.

As the blond child left the room, Phil turned to his sons, frowning in displeasure. "I am going to ask you this once, and if I find out you've lied, it will not end well." He began, not missing the shared look between his two sons, "What did you do to Tommy?"

Wilbur looked up, sending what he thought was a secretive glare to techno "We haven't done anything Dad, Why?" He said, feigning innocence that was almost convincing enough to fool the older man.

"Really Wil?" Phil received a nod (yes, he knew his son was lying but he couldn't prove anything. "Techno?" He said turning towards the usually well-behaved teen who was fiddling with his pink braid.

"m gonna say the same as Wil, 'cos it's the truth." Techno mumbled monotonically. He looked to the side, avoiding eye-contact with his father. He didn't do anything wrong- the kid hurt Wilbur and needed to know he wasn't going to get away with being some aggressive bullying prick. After all, Wilbur had been through so much -techno too- and maybe it was just annoying to have some kid come in who had it easy.

"And if I asked Tommy, he would agree with you two?" Phil hummed, seeing right through his sons' act.

"yes" Wilbur said, albeit a little uncertainly.

Phil sighed "Okay, go to your rooms, we are going shopping tomorrow" he said sending techno a look when he stood to complain "ALL of us. Understood?"

"Yes dad."

"fine"

As the two boys left Phil pulled his head into his hands. He didn't know how to deal with this,

Tommy wouldn't snitch on the boys- that was clear with the amount of abuse he didn't report until months after. The kid's file was tragic, much like his other sons who had been through their fair share of pain too. Wilbur and Techno bullying the kid because they didn't like change and found it hard to trust was not going to help this situation. He was going to have to have a long talk with everyone and work out what happened.

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The next morning, Tommy was woken up to the smell of breakfast being cooked downstairs and the hustle and bustle of family life that only truly existed in films. He hadn't forgotten yesterday, the ache from his newly irritated bruises reminding him of the abuse, going to Phil's house, the fucking tall bastard and practically being thrown into the wall by a pink-haired maniac. Today, he decided, he would just ignore the two boys (they didn't scare him- no, not at all – definitely.) and get through this shopping trip before hiding out in his bedroom.

Sighing, he rubbed his eyes and quickly peeked out the door, seeing the bathroom free- he sprinted into it before locking the door securely behind him. Thank god the bathroom was only across the hall. After quickly doing the toilet and splashing his face with some water, he combed his hand through his hair. God- he needed a shower, but he didn't know the rules around it and decided getting attacked two days in a row at his new foster home was not what he wanted to do.

A knock at the door made him jump out of his skin, fuck- was he not allowed in here. "Tommy you in there? Just came to say that breakfast is ready if you want to come down and then we are going to go out. That sound cool?"

It was just Phil, and he wasn't mad. That's good. "Uh, yeah, Thanks big man." Tommy replied. Missing Phil's grin at the return of the boy's attitude.

Running back across the hall and into his room, tommy pulled on a pair of jeans that seemed to be falling apart and a black top he had stolen from a shop a year or so ago.

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Downstairs was loud and warm, the kitchen filled with chatter between Phil, Techno and Wilbur. Tommy walked in quietly, not wanting to disturb the peace, and failing miserably. In all fairness, the boy was never a quiet walker. Heavy feet and shitty posture made sneaking around very hard.

"Hey Tommy," Phil said brightly, "You can grab some bacon and toast from the counter, and there is orange juice in the fridge if you want it."

"Thanks, big man." Tommy mumbled sleepily, apparently not even fear of a built Pinkett can make waking up at eight reasonable.

Wilbur scoffed at Tommy's phrasing but didn't say anything, he didn't want Phil trying to murder him, especially if the events of yesterday came out.

"Anyway, we are going to head to the shops at nine, is there anywhere anybody wants to go in particular?" Phil was glad nobody seemed to be arguing and that Tommy seemed to be okay. It almost made him forget that his sons had probably (definitely) done something. Almost.

"I need to get new strings for my guitar." Wilbur piped up, "And tech will wanna go to the bookshop... right?"

The boy in question looked up, "yup." Before looking back at his plate and devouring the mass amounts of protein he had piled up on it.

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As the family made their way to the car, Tommy deliberately lagged behind, not wanting to get close and ruin the family dynamic that these guys clearly have. It was just so fucking domestic, and it made him sick. The two boys had probably grown up here, fed fucking caviar from a silver spoon their entire life.

Wilbur had managed to claim the passenger seat, so Tommy ended up in the back with Techno, pressed against the door so hard in order to keep himself as far away from the other boy as he could. He wasn't scared, just smart enough to avoid another beating. That was it. Yes. His hands constantly fiddled with the elastic band around his wrist, foot bouncing against the bottom of the car. *If I just look out the window nobody will talk to me.*

As the car started and they drove along the roads, Tommy felt more and more out of place, this place was fancy- where they sent the good little four-year-olds that were obedient, not some problem child with a temper and bad vocabulary. The houses all seemed to fit into a picturesque village, each big and expensive. They passed the school which Tommy only knew due to Phil's terrible tour guide talk. It looked like the place that only rich kids went to, he would be fucked when he started going.

Eventually, they pulled up at the biggest shopping complex he had ever seen that was not in the centre of a bustling city. "Okay, Tommy, here we are." Phil said, as he stumbled from the car. He didn't reply, just nodded as he felt himself feel more and more out of place.

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Tommy was freaking out, after trailing around some music store as Wilbur compared guitar strings (what was even the difference, they all say guitar) and being forced into picking some journal from techno's bookstore, Phil had pulled him into a clothing shop and was trying to get him to pick clothes. Wilbur and Techno were also picking things and just shoving them into a cart.

Phil looked over at the boy who seemed overly uncomfortable and decided to send Wilbur and techno away so that they could have a talk. "Wil take techno and buy some school things for Tommy, You two know what the school requires."

"Sure dad." The two boys chimed, glad they had time to talk about the new boy and -well- Wilbur was a bit of a shopaholic.

Phil turned back to Tommy and smiled. "So how are you doing? You seemed pretty quiet last night. Fitting in well?" Wincing at his blunt approach he looked at Tommy who began to fiddle with the edge of his top.

"Uh, I'm fine. You- You don't actually have to buy me anything because you won't know what to do with it when I get sen-" Tommy stopped abruptly, he was usually much smoother than this. That was a lie.

Phil sighed; he knew what Tommy was going to say. When they sent him back. "You don't have barely any clothes Tommy; you need a couple of outfits." Tommy didn't answer so Phil continued, "If you have any problems with the boys, just tell me. They don't do well with new people, but I promise they're actually nice."

Tommy snorted at that but didn't say anything. Phil sighed "okay, shall we go pay for this then we will meet up with tech and will and get some food?" Tommy nodded before biting his lip.

“I have a question. Do you have rules about school and shit?” He asked, if Phil was one of these straight A, no detentions kind of foster parents Tommy was fucked.

Phil looked surprised “Uh no not really, just try not to get in trouble I guess.”

“Okay big man.” Tommy said, confident again and following Phil to the payment counter, making sure he didn’t look at the price. He didn’t want to know how much he owed this man.

Shakily, the boy sighed and followed Phil to find his new foster ‘brothers’.

#### Chapter End Notes

I'm not all that happy with this chapter because it is a bit sporadic so I might change it in the future.

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Summary

Shopping continues and Phil finds out what everyone but him already knows. Lets see how this goes then...

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

#### Chapter Four

Wilbur was glad to be sent away with Techno, the kid was weird and quiet and seemed completely ungrateful that Phil was buying him literally a whole new wardrobe. As he wandered round the stationary shop with Techno, filling a cart with simple school necessities, he had time to think about the little brat. Phil was obviously oblivious to how snotty and ungrateful and untrustworthy this kid was. Why did they even need a new member in the family, he and Techno should have been enough.

“Why are you pulling that face?” Techno said, breaking the silence that had overcome the two while they shopped.

“I don’t understand why Dad wants a new kid. He- he’s annoying and dad already has us. Am I boring, are we not good enough? Why should we trust this kid anyway he’s just annoying and spoilt and probably grew up in some place where he could do whatever he wanted?” Wilbur ranted.

Techno grabbed a black backpack “Dad loves us.” He drawled adding it to the cart that was already filled with pens, pencils, folders, notebooks and even a fluffy black pencil case.

“That’s all you’ve got to say. What about last night? He was Clearly picking *Tommy* over us.” Will continued, sometimes he couldn’t deal with his brother’s antisocial attitude.

“He knows something is up because you convinced me to scare the kid, only for it to come out that you fucking started it Wil.” Techno said, glaring at his brother.

“You would have done it anyway.”

“Not the point, I now feel slightly guilty, although it doesn’t seem to ‘ave bothered him.” Techno said, rolling his eyes and pushing the cart to pay.

“Of course, it doesn’t bother him, he’s a fucking princess that’s never seen a hard day before.” Wilbur spat out, temper flaring up.

The two resumed to a somewhat calm silence as Wilbur calmed down and techno- well techno was doing whatever brooding shit he normally does. After paying for the items and lugging around three bags filled with stationary, Techno got a text from Phil telling them to meet him at a restaurant that just so happened to be at the other side of the shopping complex.

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Tommy didn't know what to do, he was sat at a table in a restaurant with Phil, who had long since given up on trying to start a conversation. While they waited for the boys they sat in awkward silence, Tommy tapping his foot against the table and fiddling with the elastic band around his wrist. Luckily, the restaurant was quiet, and he had managed to hide in a seat behind a small alcove in the wall. He felt safer where people couldn't see him.

Techno and Wilbur walked in, *Confident as always, but then again, most people with an easy life are.* Tommy thought bitterly. "Hey dad, we got the stuff for the gremlin child." Wilbur said in a happy voice.

Tommy glared at him "Fuck off" He said, glaring harder as Wilbur smirked.

"Wil be nice" Phil chastised, not fully angry but glad that whatever happened yesterday didn't make Tommy terrified of the musician.

"He told me to fuck off, but you didn't tell him to be quiet." That was a whine, Wilbur was whining now.

Just as both Tommy and Phil were ready to reply, a waitress came over. "Hello, I'm Sally, welcome to the lounge, would I be able to take your orders please?" The four of them ordered, Wilbur almost laughing when Tommy only orders fries and a milkshake. Soon, the waitress had gone onto the next table.

Tommy hadn't stopped fidgeting since he sat down, feeling very uncertain as he was caged in between Techno and Phil. "Do you ever stop fucking moving?" Wilbur said, huffing out an annoyed breath as Tommy hit the table once again.

"Sorry." Tommy said, rolling his eyes, before purposefully knocking the table again.

Techno, who had zoned out of the conversation except to order his meal piped up before Wilbur could launch himself across the table at the blonde boy. "Dad, when does he start school?" He said, making Tommy seethe because 'he' was right here.

"Uh, Tommy you're free to start school anytime from Monday, just whenever you're ready. That answer your question Techno?"

Techno replied with a grunt, then went back to zoning out all the people around him.

"You want to go to school on Monday Tommy, Right?" Wilbur said with a pointed look.

Mumbling under his breath, tommy said "What you going to get your brother to threaten to kill me again if I say no." before answering louder "Whatever."

Unluckily for him, both Phil and Wilbur managed to catch onto what he said. Phil's eyes went wide, and he turned to his sons with a glare, pulling techno out of his antisocial bubble. The pink haired boy was completely oblivious, but after seeing Wilbur's pale face, Phil's seething glare, he managed to put two and two together. He gulped before sliding down on his chair in order to hide.

"What did you say Tommy?" Phil asked trying to pretend he wasn't furious. Sadly, Tommy seemed to be reasonably good at reading social cues and noticed Phil's anger immediately.

"I-I what? N-nothing-g." Tommy stuttered out pushing himself back towards the wall.

"Okay," Phil sighed, getting interrupted again when the food arrived. Although, nobody had an appetite now.

Wilbur fidgeted on his seat, Phil didn't get angry like this often, the last time being when he sent that kid to the hospital a year ago -albeit he was a dick. His heart practically leapt to his throat when he heard a 'ding' from both his and Techno's phone.

Dad ❤️: When we get home, go straight to my office.

Wilbur looked up and let out a shaky breath, he knew Phil wouldn't hurt him, he wasn't like that. However, he couldn't quite get rid of the panic bottling up inside of him. He couldn't eat anymore, feeling sick and deciding to tentatively sip on his water.

As Techno opened the message, he was fairly calm. Okay, he felt like shit- knowing that Phil was angry and disappointed. He wasn't a bad person. Well, that was the mantra he kept on repeating in his head.

#### Chapter End Notes

Okay, I have the next few chapters planned so they should be out soon :)

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Summary

The talk...

### Chapter Notes

Also, should probably put this as a disclaimer, but all relationships are platonic in this story. It's mostly focussed on the Family dynamic and a bit of high-school life :)

### Chapter Five

The car ride back home was in awkward silence, Phil sat in buzzing rage while trying not to get frustrated at every red light. Wilbur was sat in the front, hands tapping his phone going off and onto Phil's text. Tommy was (once again) staring out of the window and trying to wonder how pissed off Phil was and whether he would be sent home on his second day. And techno, well techno was just ignoring the world around him- a coping mechanism he has had for as long as he could remember.

The car eventually pulled up and soon, four very quiet people were going up the stone stairs towards the front door. When they were in Phil finally spoke up "Do you need any help taking your stuff to your room Tommy?" and with a shake no, tommy picked up his bags and was gestured to go upstairs.

Now that Phil was left with his two sons, he sent a piercing glare towards them and spoke up "I believe I gave you two an order." Before walking into the kitchen.

The two boys quickly rushed to their father's office in a clumsy haste that almost knocked over a lamp in the hallway. When they reached their father's office, a place they were only really in when they got into trouble, they sat a sofa on one side of the room, leaving an armchair for their father who would come in soon.

Will's leg was shaking, bouncing on the floor as he bit his nails. Normally, he was fine with getting in trouble, ending up in this room more times than he could count in the past year, never mind the five he had been here for. The only difference was, Phil was barely ever THIS angry, usually he just got a lecture, grounding then that was it. But this was so much more. He was really beginning to regret lying yesterday.

Techno, although he was the antisocial one of the two, saw his brother's anxiety and placed a hand on Wilbur's knee to calm him. He knew that the older boy (by three months!) was probably overthinking this and would spiral down into being disowned if he was left alone. "It's Gon' be fine Wil." Techno said, ignoring how his voice seemed slightly hoarse.

"No- you don't understand, you barely ever get into trouble! But-but I do all the time so what if

Dad gets rid of me ‘cos-cos he has Tommy to take my place.” Wilbur said voice shaking. As techno began to speak Wilbur cut him off “-no. He wouldn’t choose that prick instead of me. Its all the gremlin’s fault anyway if he just kept his fucking mouth shut, this would never have happened!”.

Acknowledging his brother with a grunt, Techno returned to the nervous silence they had been in before.

----

Phil was pacing in the kitchen trying to calm down, he knew that the boys had done something, so why was his anger so out of control? Maybe it was because he was clinging to the hope that he was wrong. He took in a deep shaky sigh; it had been twenty minutes and he had managed to calm down. Phil knew he needed to hurry up, Wilbur didn’t take waiting very well.

As he walked into his office, he saw two very nervous boys who looked much younger than sixteen and he remembered when he took them in. It almost made him want to just stop being mad and hug them. He sat down on the armchair across from his boys and let out a long sigh.

“Dad I-” Wilbur started only to be cut off by a harsh glare.

“Why?” Phil started sighing, “I want to know what you did and why you did it on the kids first fucking day. THEN, you lied to me about it. You two do not know how disappointed I am in you.”

Wilbur’s bottom lip began to wobble “Dad, I’m sorry.” He said shakily as Techno brought his knees up to his chest. The pink haired boy may act tough, but he didn’t deal with getting in trouble very well.

“That is not what I asked Wilbur. In fact, I don’t think you’re sorry at all, maybe that you got caught. So, am I going to have to repeat myself?” Phil said, voice raising ever so slightly.

“I- I kind of k-kicked-d Tommy off the Tv” Wilbur said with what sounded like a sob, “Then maybe pushed him a-and it wasn’t hard -I swear- then he got all fucking mad a-and pushed me really hard and I hit my h-head on the wooden bit, and it hurt a lot. So, I told Techno and he fixed it.” Wilbur said.

Tears were building up in the boy’s eyes, but Pill ignored them, turning to his other son that was yet to speak. “Technoblade, how did you ‘fix it’” Came out of Phil’s mouth in a dangerous low growl.

The boy in question flinched and began breathing rapidly, “Calm down Techno, I’m not going to hurt you, just tell me what happened.” Phil said, reigning in his anger in order to stop the panic attack that was surly about to start.

“M sorry” techno wined, in a way that was the polar opposite to his normal monotone drawl, “I maybe threatened him ‘against a wall to stay ‘way from Wil. ‘M sorry, really sorry.”

Phil sighed and rubbed a hand over his face, God, how could he deal with this. “Do you think that was appropriate? Because I certainly do not, I know that you have found it hard adjusting to Tommy being here but this – It was his first goddamn day. That kid has been through so much, not different from you two. I’m not going to tell you any dirty details from his file, because that is not fair to Tommy. However, I thought that my two sons would be a bit more understanding of someone who was in a similar situation to them. But NO, instead they decided to act like brats and make the kid feel fucking unsafe on his first day in the house. I am so disappointed in you! Why,

why did you think you had to do this hmm?" Phil lectured, studying the boys in front of him, who seemed to look more and more upset as time went on.

Wilbur was crying, then again, he was always a very emotional person. "Because- BECAUSE you already love him more than me and we didn't need someone new, but I wasn't good enough, so you had to get someone else!" The boy burst out, anger overtaking his shame.

He stood to open the door and storm out, only to freeze and Phil's bellow of "Wilbur Soot Watson, sit your ass back down now!". This led to him quietly sobbing back on the sofa, hugging one of the decorative pillows for security.

Phil decided to let Wilbur calm down. He knew how volatile his son was in these situations and he didn't want the teen to start crying harder. He turned to Techno and lifted an eyebrow. "He hurt Wilbur." Techno whispered, "I know that's not an excuse, but it was at the time. 'M really really really sorry."

Phil had to strain to hear Techno's quiet voice but sighed and looked at his son. "I know Tech- but that doesn't mean it didn't happen. I want your phone then you can go upstairs if you want. You're grounded for now, Okay?" Phil had spoken softly, making direct eye-contact with his son the entire time. He smiled as Techno shakily stood up and handed over his phone, walking away as Phil said, "We can all watch a movie or something later.", Knowing that his boys got overly clingy after getting in trouble.

----

After Techno left, that left only Phil and a crying Wilbur. The older man sat next to the boy on the sofa and softly pulled his fingers through the boy's hair. Something that had always calmed the boy after he came to Phil at 11.

"Wilbur. I want you to listen to me." Phil said softly, smiling as the boy moved his teary brown eyes to meet his fathers. "I didn't bring Tommy here to replace you, I love you way too much for that. I brought Tommy home because he needed help and a family, just like you did, okay?"

At Wilbur's shaky breath and a slow nod, Phil continued. "Bullying Tommy and such isn't going to make me love him any less, I know that it's scary having new people in the house, but you two could get along very well. Tommy had a very shitty time before he came here, and I know It was last minute, but I know that you'll understand me."

Wilbur sniffled, and scrubbed at the tears that were still running down his face. "I'm sorry Dad, really. I-I thought he was just some sp-spoilt brat and I didn't want to like him so maybe you would send him away an-and l-love me again."

"Thank you for being honest Wil," Phil said, pulling his son into a hug, "You're still in trouble though. Same as Techno, no phone and grounded, okay?"

"Y-yeah, I know. Did you mean what you said about the movie?" Wilbur said, scrubbing the last tears from his cheeks.

"I did, how about you get Techno and Tommy and I'll order some Pizza, Yeah?"

----

Meanwhile, Tommy had finally plucked up the courage to take a shower with the fancy body wash and shampoo Phil had bought him. Now, he stood in the mirror raking a comb through his towel-dried hair. He looked up to see the harsh purple bruises that lined his back and chest, along with a

large deep-blue one on his left hip. God- he looked fucked.

Suddenly, He felt a cool draft on his body and turned around to see the door open and Wilbur staring at him wide eyed, before promptly bursting into tears and sobbing “sorry” repeatedly. Tommy’s breathing seized up and he pushed himself back onto the furthest wall, pulling the closest towel tight to his chest.

NO

No no no

Techno was going to kill him.

He made Wilbur cry.

Techno was going to kill him, and Phil would send him away on his second day.

No please, he didn't mean to.

Please.

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Summary

Okay, there was a lot of crying last chapter, a bit more today and then next chapter will be going to school :)

### Chapter Six

Techno was not prepared for this; he had spent the last ten minutes bottling up his emotions and now- well now he walked out of his room to see his brother crying and Tommy pushed up against a wall hyperventilating. The latter's body was covered in bruises, ones that brought up a lot of bad memories from his childhood.

As Techno tried to step forward towards the two crying teens, Tommy began to harshly cry, begging “NO” “Please” and “I’m sorry” in a rapid and almost incoherent mess.

Panic clawed at Techno’s chest. He didn’t know what to do, usually he would go up and hug Wilbur, but Tommy looked like he would pass out if the older boy moved one more step. So, he did what anyone would do in this situation, and yelled “Dad!” in a desperate tone. The two crying boys flinched at that, okay, maybe not a good idea then.

----

Phil had practically run up the stairs, his heart breaking as he saw what was happening. Wilbur was crumpled in a heap on the floor outside the bathroom, and inside, was Tommy, also crying put pressed up against the wall, eyes focussed on Techno. He slowly approached Tommy while gesturing at his other son to go to Wilbur. “Hey Tommy, it’s okay” Phil said, looking over the bruises on his body and wincing. *His social worker said he was fine* He thought, bitterly.

Tommy looked up at Phil with teary eyes, breaking the stare he had on Techno. He was not okay. He couldn’t breathe, Techno was going to fucking murder him, Phil was going to send him away and it was only the second day in this house!

“Tommy, just focus your breathing on me okay? Good, good.” Phil said calmly, seeing Techno calming down Wilbur out of the corner of his eye. “It’s okay, can you copy my breathing? Good.”

Eventually, Tommy’s breathing begins to even out and he settles on the floor, letting out little sobs. “Are you feeling better?” Phil asked, looking over the boy’s injuries more critically. The bruises looked painful, and seemed to be swelling slightly, definitely need a couple of elastic bandages.

“I-I’m sorry” Tommy managed to stutter out, desperately trying to scrub the tears off his face.

“It’s okay Toms, are you good to stand and walk or do you want to stay here for a while?” Phil said, causing Tommy to shakily stand up and whimper out more apologies.

----

It had taken them a while, but Phil and techno managed to get both Tommy and Wilbur into the living room where now, Phil was looking at Tommy's injuries, feeling more and more hatred towards whoever had last fostered Tommy. Wilbur was curled up under a pile of blankets, pressed into techno and feeling like the worst person in the world. Tommy was occasionally letting out a hiss or pained whimper as Phil tried to check for any broken ribs.

"Okay, your ribs aren't broken, which is good but are you okay?" Phil said, wrapping a bandage around the worst of Tommy's bruising.

"I'm fine." Muttered Tommy uncomfortably, this was embarrassing, why were they pretending to care?

"Okay, we're done." Phil said, handing Tommy a red hoodie to wear. "We are going to watch a movie and have pizza, is that cool?"

Tommy looked surprised at this but slowly nodded, not wanting to embarrass himself more by being awkward. Slowly, the boy joined the family that were all curled together on the sofa, putting a bit of distance between them, and sitting pressed up against the arm of the chair.

"What are we watching?" Techno asked, wrinkling his nose when Wilbur shouted "Nemo".

Phil rolled his eyes and looked to Tommy. "You cool with Finding Nemo?" he said.

"Uh, I've never seen it, so sure." Tommy said, followed by a wide-eyed squeak from Wilbur.

Wilbur suddenly sat up, causing the sofa to wobble slightly, "We have to watch it now because Tommy hasn't seen it." He said, sticking his tongue out at Techno. And that's how they ended up watching nemo and feasting on pizza late into the night.

----

Tommy was awoken by quiet sobbing and sat up. Where was he? Slowly coming back to his senses, he realised he was in the living room and that he had seemed to fall asleep in the middle of a film last night. It was dark in the room and a quick look at the clock told him that the time was 5:23am. He looked over on the sofa and saw Phil and Techno sleeping calmly, albeit snoring slightly, but no Wilbur. Quietly, Tommy stood up and headed towards the kitchen to get a glass of water, the crying from earlier gone from his mind.

"You're not leaving, are you?" A voice said behind him, making the blonde boy jump out of his skin.

"Fucking hell- no, sadly you can't get rid of me that easily." Tommy said back, the image of Wilbur sat on a kitchen chair holding a cup of tea making its way through the darkness.

"I'm sorry" Was all Wilbur said, voice sounding much smaller than it usually did.

"Okay" Tommy didn't know what to do in this situation, why was Wilbur apologising? "uhm- why are you awake, it's like five?"

Wilbur shifted at this, "No reason. I could ask you the same."

The room then turned to silence, Tommy awkwardly standing and not knowing what to do, until he finally decided to grab a glass and get the water he came for.

After a few more moments of awkward silence, Wilbur spoke up again as Tommy was preparing to leave. "Nightmares.". This caused Tommy to look up in surprise, he didn't think the tall male would actually tell him.

"Oh, that sucks I guess." Replied Tommy

"I know you hate me," Wilbur continued, "But I really am sorry. I was just jealous." He made it seem like this physically hurt him to say, physically cringing at the statement.

Tommy looked at him, now much more visible due to the sunlight beginning to leak through the windows. He was confused and thought about his reply for a few moments in his head. "Why would you be jealous of me?".

This was when another voice came up from behind him, making both the blonde and brunette jump. "Because we thought you were different from us." Said techno, coming to sit down at the table too while gesturing at the blonde teen to do it as well. "Wil thought you had it easy, and I guess I did too. 'm Sorry by the way."

Tommy didn't know what to say and was too scared to offend either teen, so sat slowly down, taking another sip at his water. "B-before we lived with Phil, we apparently had it bad and shit a-and we thought you didn't so yeah, I was jealous, because I thought Dad- Phil was tired with my problems so got you instead." Wilbur said instead, taking a deep breath and harshly scrubbing the skin at the back of his hand.

"Oh, okay." Tommy said, stopping for a moment before asking "can- can I ask when you came here?"

"Wil was 'leven and I was thirteen." Techno said, as he got up from the chair and started the coffee maker.

With that the room delved into silence once again, more comfortable this time, each boy taking the time to think. It was only broken about twenty minutes later when Phil came in with a cheery "What are you all doing awake so early on a Sunday?".

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Summary

School :)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### Chapter Seven

It was Monday. Tommy was sat in bed, awake (yet again) at the ungodly hour of 5am. Why? Because it was Monday, aka. School day. Tommy didn't know why he got so worked up over this, it was a school he would stay at for a couple of weeks, before eventually being sent away to a new place. Still, it was his first time going to school with the actual stationary he needed, rather than spare paper and a half-used pencil. Tommy's eyes wondered over to the bag he had gotten two days ago, now packed with the 'essentials' for school.

"Tommy, wake up, you have school, Dad's making breakfast." Techno's monotone voice came through the door after a knock which seemed like the pink-haired boy had punched the wall, rather than tapping it like a normal person.

Tommy looked at the clock 7:06... how much time did he spend thinking?

----

Downstairs was hectic, Phil had made pancakes and techno was attempting to pile a fifth one on top of his stack with a stupid amount of butter on top. Wilbur was eating from a soup of syrup, dipping small pieces of pancakes in while frantically scribbling in a notebook. Tommy walked over to the pile of pancakes and slipped one onto a plate, as well as grabbing an apple from the fruit bowl, earning a smile from Phil.

"Hey Tommy, ready for your first day?" Phil said cheerily, trying to fix a tie and pour a thermos of coffee at the same time.

Tommy wrinkled his nose, "It's school." He said, unable to pretend to be ecstatic.

Phil laughed "Well, maybe you'll enjoy it. Oh- yes- I got a call from the office you just need to head there instead of tutor, okay?" he said, before looking at techno and Wilbur "One of you show him where it is and, for god's sake Wil, stop doing your essay, I'll write a note."

"Thanks Dad, I can show Gremlin boy where it is." Wilbur said cheerily, definitely over the subdued guilt he'd had the day before.

"I thought you didn't hate me now bitch!" Tommy said, taking a bite of his apple, he was still cautious of the new people (after all, abuse had to start at some point), but he had managed to get much better at hiding it.

"Just because I don't hate you, doesn't mean I have to be nice; after all, I'm still not nice to piggy." He said with a smirk aimed at techno, only to be hit with an apple slice in the face.

“Fuck off” Techno said with a growl.

----

The school was fucking fancy. That’s what Tommy thought when Phil pulled up to the drop of spot. It looked like the kind of school you would find in some terrible, non-representative coming of age film. Tommy didn’t belong here, he was never going to make any fucking friends, he is just the poor kid that’s visiting for a couple months.

“Okay guys, I’ll be back to Pick you up at 3:30, You two behave and Tommy, try to have some fun. Alright?” Phil said, as the three teens climbed out of the car.

Tommy sighed as Wilbur grabbed his arm and dragged him off to the front of the school. “Hurry up, we have like two minutes till the bell and I need to get you to the office and get to my tutor classroom at the other side of the school.” Wilbur said, walking at a pace that was only humanly possible due to his freakishly long legs.

“You’re going to rip my fucking arm off.” Tommy said, as he was dragged through the crowds.

Finally, they stopped in a room with a fancy desk and an old woman who looked like she was going to die at any second. “okay, this is the office, uh- you probably need to ask for your timetable, I gotta go or I’ll get a detention.” Wilbur said, as the bell rang before rushing away with an apologetic look.

Slowly, Tommy walked up to the desk, drawing the attention of the old lady. Shifting uncomfortably, Tommy played with the rubber band on his wrist as the woman looked at him over the top of her glasses before pursing her lips. “Well,” She said in a snotty voice, “What are you here for?”

Tommy frowned and felt the urge to swear immensely at the teacher. “I came here for my Timetable because I’m new.” He said through gritted teeth, god- he was going to hate it here.

The lady rolled her eyes. “Name” She said, typing on her computer.

“Thomas Innit”

“My name is Mrs Willow; your timetable will print from that printer.” She said, pointing to some high-tech printer in the corner of the room. Weren’t schools supposed to have shit technology from the 1980’s? “It will also have your locker number and code on it. The next class will start in a few minutes, so I suggest you go to your locker then head straight to class. Which will be English Literature in E 14.”

As Tommy grabbed the piece of paper that had printed, he mumbled a quick “Yes miss.” Before rushing away and trying to navigate the school.

----

By the time Tommy had found his locker and his first class, he was already seven minutes late. How? Well, the school was apparently a labyrinth. He knocked on the door to see it open to a skinny man who seemed way too excited about his presence not to be on some kind of drugs.

“Ah, new kid, you have arrived. It’s Thomas, yes?” The man said hurriedly, gesturing the boy into the classroom to have 24 pairs of eyes directed solely at him.

“Tommy.” He said, looking anywhere but the sea of pupils that were apparently sizing him up.

“Great, well, I am Mr McCallum, Welcome to English Lit. Please take a copy of Romeo and Juliet and you can sit next to Toby.” Mr McCallum said, pointing to a pile of books and then an empty seat beside a short brunette.

Tommy walked over, feeling very awkward as everyone’s eyes followed him before grabbing a notepad and pen from his bag and sitting down. He vaguely heard the teacher begin to talk to the class again and found himself looking at the people around him. The boy he was next to was staring at him intently and smiled when they made eye contact.

“Uh, hi?” Tommy said, this kid was a bit creepy.

“Hi, I’m Tubbo -well Toby but Tubbo is a nickname- your new here right? I mean, obviously Mr McCallum called you the new kid.” The boy was like a little ball of energy and did not stop smiling.

“That’s cool.” Tommy said, “do you know what we are supposed to be doing? Because I haven’t been listening.” Okay, bad way to continue the conversation, but he couldn’t come out and annoy the first person he spoke to at the school.

Tubbo laughed “nah, I hate English, too much reading and spelling- I’m dyslexic. You probably don’t care but yeah. So how come you’ve joined the school?”

Tommy thought for a moment before deciding there was no point in trying to pretend, he was normal. “I got fostered by someone here.” He said simply, before looking up and copying something the teacher wrote on the board in order to look like he was working.

“That’s cool I guess; do you play any sports? If you do there’s like a load of sports teams, you should join one and then we can go to meets together!” Tubbo said, excitedly.

Tommy frowned, “I don’t really do any sports, maybe running but I’ve never done it as an actual sport.” Technically it wasn’t a lie, he was good at running, usually away from the police or angry foster parents but he was good none the less.

“Awesome, my brother Clay is on the track team, you should talk to him. I don’t do running but I do like trampolining -oh- and paddle boarding, there was this one time...”

For the rest of the lesson Tommy and Tubbo just chatted, who needed to know about Tybalt anyway? At first, it was mostly Tubbo talking. The boy would be able to ramble for hours if nobody stopped him. Eventually, Tommy got comfortable and more confident and also began talking animatedly. Tommy didn’t understand what was happening till at the end of the lesson, Tubbo grabbed him and said, “We are friends now, what’s your next lesson?” Tommy smiled, maybe (just maybe) the couple of months at this posh kid school would be bearable.

## Chapter End Notes

Not sure if I like this chapter :/

also:

Tutor = registration class at the beginning of the day for 10 minutes

# Chapter 8

## Chapter Summary

More school. More people.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### Chapter Eight

By the time it was lunch, Tommy had learned two things:

- 1- Tubbo was amazing and he might have actually made a friend at this school.
- 2- Being in a posh school did not deter his hatred of learning, especially maths.

His final lesson (mechanics) was without his newfound friend, so he had to sit through 50 minutes of equations and formulae that made no sense to him. He walked into the lunch hall; bag already filled with a packed lunch Phil handed to him. As he entered the bustling room, he headed towards an empty table in the corner of the room.

Just as he was about to sit down, Tubbo ran up and pulled on his arm “You’re sitting with me.”.

Tommy allowed himself to be pulled off to a table with two other boys on it. The first was reading something out of a notebook written on his lap, seemingly oblivious to the world. The other boy was animatedly screaming at someone over the phone. “This is Ranboo and Quackity.” Tubbo said pointing to each boy in turn, “guys, this is Tommy.”

The boy that Tubbo dubbed as Ranboo looked up at Tommy, looking him over with heterochronic eyes before pulling out a notepad and scribbling something down. “You’re new?” He asked, as he finished whatever he was writing.

“Uh, yeah?” Tommy said, sitting down at the table uncertainly.

“Ah, who is this? Tommy, cool-cool. I’m Quackity, want to help me start a crime empire?” Quackity said, finally hanging up the phone he was practically yelling into and bounding over to sit next to Tommy.

Biting down his anxiety, Tommy let out a loud laugh “Of course, I’m a dirty crime boy!”

----

After spending thirty minutes discussing how to start a drug empire with Quackity, Tubbo and Ranboo, Tommy had to head to his next lesson, which he happened to share with Ranboo. The two walked together in relevant silence, heading towards their history classroom. Luckily, they were able to sit together, not that Tommy particularly wanted to learn about useless stuff that happened long ago. Every few moments, Ranboo would take out his notebook and write down something.

“Why do you do that?” Tommy asked abruptly, looking at Ranboo who was scribbling something

else down.

“Do what?”

“Write weird shit in that book.” Tommy said, gesturing towards the well-worn pad.

Ranboo shifted uncomfortably, as if deciding whether to tell Tommy something, before looking at the blonde-haired boy. “I have trouble remembering stuff, so if I write it down, I won’t forget it.” He said, desperately scanning Tommy’s face as if he was waiting to be laughed at.

“Okay.” Tommy said, “So if I ever forget something, I can just ask you right?”

Both Tommy and Ranboo delved into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, leading them to get yelled at by the history teacher who thought medieval medicine was SO much more important.

As the boys calmed down, Ranboo turned to Tommy “So, is there anything you want to know about the school or anything, because your new. My memory may be shit but I still know all the gossip.”

Tommy grinned slyly “Tell me about people, because I know shit except you, Tubbo and Quackity are cool and that my foster brothers go here.”

“Oh yeah, I forgot you said Phil fostered you. But okay, here we go.” Ranboo replied, glancing at the teacher to make sure they weren’t being watched. “So Tubbo comes from this really rich family, like his dad is the president of some tech company that makes loads of money. He has four siblings: Dream, Nikki and Fundy. Well, dream and Fundy are actually called Clay and Floris, but nobody calls them that. They’re all really close and stuff, super nice family and all, but Dream has a big rivalry with Techno.”

Tommy grinned, “Rivalry?”

Ranboo looked up at him again, “Yeah, they’re always competing, and things and I don’t think that they like each other very much. Anyway, moving on, there’s the ‘Dream Team’ which is Dream and his two best friends Sapnap (Nick) and George. Nikki and Fundy are all chill, part of the group that Wilbur hangs out with. They all just do music and get high, nothing all that exciting.”

Tommy laughed and looked at the teacher, who seemed to be talking about ‘bad blood’ or whatever. “Okay, what about you and Quackity?” He asked.

“Quackity is an only child, lives with his parents who are doctors, he likes to be the rebellious teen to get attention and all. He has a cousin who goes here, Karl, but from what I tell they don’t talk much. He hangs out with Bad and Skeppy and the dream team. I live with my sister in the town, got in because of a scholarship. Now you have to tell me about you.”

Tommy sighed “Uh, I just moved here for a bit because Phil fostered me. Not much to say.”

Ranboo smiled, “I think we need to actually do shit because Mr Hunter looks like he wants to murder us.”

----

As Tommy walked out of school, walking towards where Phil was due to pick them up, he was smiling. This was the first time- the first time ever- where he actually enjoyed a day at school. Sure, the lessons were shit, but he actually made friends. He would have friends for the next few months until he had to leave again. Was this what it felt like to be a normal kid?

Phil's car was (sure enough) waiting, parked in the same spot where they had been dropped off. Climbing into the back of the car, Tommy was greeted by a grinning phil. "Hey Toms, how was school?" He said, in a way that was too enthusiastic for such a simple question.

Looking quickly at Techno, who was sat in the passenger seat reading something from a textbook, Tommy quickly replied "It was cool, I guess." Trying to act nonchalant about the best school experience he had ever had.

"Cool- cool, did you like your classes? Make any friends?" Phil said, glancing out the window as he saw Wilbur approaching.

Tommy scrunched up his nose, "I hate learning, but I met a couple of people and they were cool I guess." he shrugged, putting on his seatbelt as Wilbur threw his lanky body into the seat beside him.

Phil then turned to the boy in question, "Hey wil, good day at school?" he said, raising an eyebrow and chuckling a bit at his son's dark expression.

"Hell was fine," He replied, smiling at Phil, "I didn't even get into trouble today."

"I always say, there's a first time for everything" Phil teased, laughing as his oldest son stuck his tongue out at him like a small child.

Techno looked up for the first time since Tommy got in the car, "Can we go now? I have homework." He drawled, causing Phil to start up the car and begin to drive away.

## Chapter End Notes

This was kind of rushed because I have a psychology essay due tomorrow :/

## Chapter 9

### Chapter Summary

Bit rushed, but just Tommy hanging with the Schlatt fam.

### Chapter Notes

Don't like this because I rushed it... but oh well.

#### Chapter Nine

It had been a few days since Tommy had started at school, and he was finally getting somewhat used to the routine. Okay, he knew that this was temporary, but it was nice. Wake up in the morning, have breakfast, go to school, hang out with his friends, come home, talk to his foster ‘family’, sleep and then do it all again. It was somewhat calming to have a day-to-day life where he doesn’t have to worry about getting hurt or going hungry. He probably should be worried about how comfortable he was getting, it would be ripped away from him eventually, but right now, he couldn’t bring himself to care.

Maybe that was why he had agreed to ask Phil whether he could go round to Tubbo’s house, or maybe it was the other boy’s constant begging since the second fucking day he knew him. So, this is where his (probably regrettable) life choices found him, standing in the kitchen, trying to get the courage to talk to the older blonde. After all, Tommy hadn’t seen either Techno or Wilbur leaves the house apart from for school, so maybe it was one of Phil’s rules.

“Hey Tommy, what’s up?” Phil said brightly, walking into the kitchen and smiling at the boy who stood fidgeting.

Tommy looked up at Phil nervously (making the older man worry) “Uh, yeah, I -uh- actually want to talk to you?” He said, hesitantly.

Phil quickly sat down, looking over the boy for any new scratches or bruises. “What- what’s wrong, is everything okay? What happened- are you hurt, did the boys do something?” He said, quickly, words jumble together.

Tommy was surprised, Phil actually cared if he was okay? That probably shouldn’t surprise him, especially with the way he acted before with the bruises, but it didn’t make any sense that someone would care about HIM. “Uh, no, you see, the thing is, uh- Tubbo wanted me to ask you if I can go over to his house tomorrow. I mean, I’m sorry to ask if that’s some kind of rule or something.”

Phil laughed, “Yeah, of course, that’s fine. Why would it be a rule that you aren’t allowed to go meet up with your friends?”

Tommy shifted again, happy that he was being allowed to go. “Oh, it’s just that Wilbur and Techno never go anywhere...” He said, dragging off at the end of the sentence.

Phil smiled at him, “Oh, nah, the boys are just grounded at the moment.” He said simply, not wanting to air out their dirty laundry, while also trying to make the boy feel okay with leaving.

“Okay.” Tommy said, before jumping up, “I need to go do my homework.” He lied, he actually was just going to hide in his room and take a nap.

----

By the end of the next school day, Tommy was nervous, he was going to be going home with Tubbo. As experienced in the lessons of life that Tommy may be, he had never actually, well, had a friend, never mind gone to a friend’s house. As he waited for Tubbo by the entrance of the school, Tommy found himself gnawing his fingernails, this was going to be fine.

“TOMMY!” he heard shouted as Tubbo barrelled into him, closely followed by two other people. “So,” Tubbo started excitedly, “This is Nikki and Fundy, guys, this is Tommy.” The boy was practically radiating energy, but that didn’t help with Tommy’s nerves.

Nikki looked at tommy and smiled, talking in a sweet voice, “Hi Tommy, nice to meet you.” Pulling him into an awkward (but weirdly comforting) hug.

Fundy stood behind her and waved his hand slightly, “Hi,” he said, before looking back down at the phone he had clutched in his hand.

Tubbo grinned, “So, anyway, Tommy Clay will be driving us. He likes to be called dream though, so just a heads up.” The boy said, pulling tommy towards a black and very expensive looking jeep. “Then, we can ditch them all and you can hang out in my room. What time did Phil say he was going to pick you up?”

Tommy allowed himself to be awkwardly dragged away, attempting to ignore the odd looks he got from other students. “Uh, eight I think?” He said, “And you’re sure it’s chill I come over- I don’t want to cause any trouble.”

Fundy jumped in as they all stopped at the jeep, “Please, dad will be so happy that Tubbo made a new friend, the two of you could probably burn down the house and he’d still be smiling.” Tommy let out a laugh at this, drumming his fingers against his thighs and feigning confidence.

“Fuck you!” Tubbo said, sticking his tongue out at his brother.

“In the car,” Came a grumpy voice from behind them, making tommy turn around sharply, “I’m dream.” The boy said, before walking away and getting in the driver’s seat.

----

Tommy had thought Phil was rich, but he didn’t know anything. After stepping out onto the driveway outside Tubbo’s house (more like mansion) Tommy was stuck for words, like this place was huge. Soon, he found himself in some ginormous bedroom, attempting to play chess with Tubbo and not feel even more out of place here than he did at Phil’s place. I mean, it took them five minutes to drive from the entrance gates to the actual garage, like what the fuck?

“I win,” Tubbo said gleefully, before looking at his friend, “Do you want to play some video games, we can play Mario kart if you want.”

“Uh, I’ve never played.” Tommy managed to say, attempting not to show how embarrassed he was. Like come on, he was literally the poor kid, this was the one place he belonged in the least.

“Oh, it’s really simple, come on, I’ll show you. We play on the Wii, which is a little outdated, but I like it.” Tubbo said, pulling him into yet another room, this one filled with a giant tv, with shelves of videogames and DVDs and a pool table.

“Okay big man, give me like two games and I am going to fucking wreak you!” Tommy said, grinning and sitting down on the floor in front of a sofa, leaning his back against the expensive-looking furniture.

----

It had been a couple of hours, and somehow, Tommy found himself comfortably laughing as he played Wii games with Tubbo, Fundy and Nikki. At first, when the older kids joined them, it was a bit awkward, but (for rich fuckers) they were actually really cool. Fundy was currently celebrating his newest win when dream walked in. Tommy wouldn’t say he was intimidated by dream, after all, Tommy Innit did not get scared (ssuurree), but the guy was fucking intimidating.

“What’re we playing?” he said, sliding in to sit beside Tubbo.

The latter looked up “Uhm, we are playing Wii sport resort right now, want to join? We will have to take turns though cos you can only have four players. Also, say Hi to Tommy and stop being such a bitch.”

Dream pouted “Hi Tommy,” He said, grinning at the boy before feigning upset at Tubbo’s words “I’m not a bitch.” He said, stealing the boy’s remote and starting a new game.

As Tubbo stood up and, much to Tommy’s amusement, tried to tackle his much stronger brother, dream attempted to start a conversation with Tommy. “So, you’re Technoblade’s brother, right?” Dream said.

Tommy scrunched up his nose at that statement. “Uh- Phil’s fostering me for a bit, yeah?” He said, unwilling to call the people who would ditch him in a bit family.

“Okay, so if I ever need you to kill him in his sleep, will you do it?” The blonde asked.

“How about no” Tommy replied, before the whole room burst into laughter.

----

By the time Tommy was in the car with Phil headed home, he was exhausted but happy, that family may be crazy rich fuckers, but they were really cool. Meeting Mr Schlatt had been pretty awkward, but once Tommy got over his slight fear and hatred of adults, he found that he was also pretty cool.

Tommy was kind of *liking* it here...

That was a problem, he couldn’t get attached.

Right?



# Chapter 10

## Chapter Summary

Okay, this is a bit hectic :/ but basically Tommy messing things up. Might delete and re-do ...

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### Chapter Ten

Tommy was worried, not for any logical reason, no. He was worried because he had been in this house for just over three weeks. Three whole weeks and things were fine. That's not normal, Phil should have snapped by now. Okay, the blonde hadn't actually done anything that bad, aside from a couple of arguments with Wilbur and Techno. Still, it wasn't normal for the abuse to wait this long, a week... that's fine, two... it's a decent home, but three? Phil must be hiding something really nasty if he is waiting this long.

Still, Tommy could feel himself getting attached, calling things 'his' rather than 'the'. 'his' room, 'his' house, 'his' clothes. They were going to be taken away at some point, and Tommy is beginning to think he would prefer it sooner rather than later. So, that's why (rather stupidly) Tommy came up with the idea to get himself kicked out. Why? Because it will hurt less now than it will later.

It started off small, getting harsher in his arguments with ~~his brothers~~-Wilbur and Techno, that didn't go anywhere, the two just copying his lead. He had tried refusing to do things, only to be bugged into doing them. So, that lead him to where he is now, in detention for -well- not doing homework, being late, being disruptive... the list could go on and on.

Detention at posh school was just the same anywhere else; a classroom filled with teenagers sitting silently (well... they're supposed to be silent) doing nothing.

What a productive use of time.

At least (hopefully) It would annoy Phil...

----

The moment Tommy sat down in the car; he knew his plan hadn't worked. After all, When the guy supposed to be pissed off turns around grinning mischievously and asking, "How was your time in prison?" it was easy to tell that your plan hadn't fucking worked.

The drive home was the same as always, Phil attempting to start up some jovial conversation and Tommy giving simple replies.

"Anyway," Phil continued, "I have to go out to some work meet tonight, so it's going to be you Wil and Techno, they already have money to order in food, but I thought you would like to know beforehand."

Tommy shifted as the man watched him through the rear-view mirror, “Yeah, that’s cool big man.”

Phil laughed “Okay man, I’ll be back at like eight and get one of the boys to call if there is an issue.” Secretly, Phil found it a bit annoying that the sixteen-year-old didn’t have a phone, okay, the system was scuffed, but they couldn’t even afford a cheap one for the boy?

----

Tommy had spent the majority of the night in his room, avoiding the older boys. After all, he didn’t want to become more attached to this family than he was already. He sat plotting (stupidly), planning what else he could do to get thrown out. Get in a fight? That sounded painful. Get suspended? Maybe... Get his new ~~brothers housemates~~? – get Wilbur and Techno to hate him? Bingo.

Wilbur was the easiest, or it seemed that way to Tommy, he just had to find something the boy cared about. Okay, maybe he felt slightly bad that he was planning to upset the two boys who had opened up to him a couple weeks ago about their ‘shit’ time in the system, but that was long ago, they would be fine now. Right? Yeah.

Stealing Wilbur’s guitar was surprisingly easy, the thing was left lying on the bed as the blonde ran off to the toilet. The next step was slightly harder, getting it to stand upright in a cupboard to lock it in, only the thing would fall every time he let go. The final step was locking the cupboard with some chains and padlocks he had found in the garage.

“This is my ticket out of here.” He said, trying to ignore the ugly feeling that was clawing at his neck. He slid back into his room, carefully locking his door (he may be getting stupidly comfortable, but he hadn’t forgotten Techno almost killing him the first day he was here.). Smiling bittersweetly as an angered scream sounded from Wilbur’s room.

“Give it fucking back you gremlin child. NOW!” Wilbur was banging on the door, shouting loud enough that he almost missed Techno’s door opening and the boy joining his brother.

Wilbur had stopped banging by the next time he spoke, his hand probably aching from trying to beat down the door. “Tommy, I swear to god, unlock this door and give me the fucking key NOW!” The blonde said, voice wavering as though he was crying.

Tommy’s chest seized up, this was a mistake, a big mistake. He didn’t mean to make Wilbur cry! He felt the panic and guilt take a hold of him, too scared to open the door, but too guilty to say no. “I-I” Tommy started, only to be cut off by Techno talking with a dangerous voice.

“If you do not open this door in five seconds,” The boy began, not shouting but still able to provoke fear into the blonde. “I WILL break it down and I WILL hurt you, then you can explain to Phil why MY brother is having a panic attack due to your stupid actions. And you better hope he doesn’t send you away because of it.”

As Techno began hastily counting down from five, something inside Tommy snapped. The mad rush around his room seemed surreal, his ears ringing, chest heaving and eyes holding back an ocean as he stuffed a hastily emptied backpack with clothes, his bear, and his money stash. Zipping up the bag and pulling on shoes, Tommy heard Techno growl and begin fiddling with the lock of his door. The fear inside the boy increased tenfold and he all but threw himself out of the window after leaving the padlock keys somewhere easy to see.

----

Tommy couldn't think straight until he had climbed down the drainpipe and sprinted from the house for what he hoped were many miles. Sitting down against a wall in some dingy alleyway (who knew posh towns even had alleyways), he attempted to pull himself out of the state of panic he was in.

He was being stupid.

This was what he wanted...

Wasn't it?

They were supposed to get angry.

So, why did he Run?

*Hurt him again and I will make you regret it.* That was what Techno had said, wasn't it? He was happy at that place too, they didn't hurt him, he was allowed to eat but he just had to fuck it up. He couldn't be happy in a nice home, no, he had to get scared and force his way out.

*you better hope he doesn't send you away because of it.* He couldn't go back now anyway, as nice as Phil was, Tommy had caused one of his actual sons to have a panic attack. He was stupid. So so so so stupid. He didn't think Wilbur would react like that, just that he'd get angry and begin to hate him so that Phil would send him away.

*Well,* Tommy thought *I guess you got your wish.* It was a bitter thought, one that made him feel like he wanted to throw up. Okay, maybe he was regretting his life choices, but the home did seem too good to be true, what did the universe expect from him? Now he was just sat, huddled in the cold, nowhere to go.

*Good fucking job Tommy* he thought.

----

Techno had felt some sort of pride when he opened the door, the satisfaction being able to pierce through the anger that was controlling him. I mean, he was already stressed about the math test he had next week, and now, he was interrupted from his studying due to his brother having a full-blown breakdown because Tommy had decided to steal the boy's guitar. He may have let his anger get the better of him, saying a few things he would have to apologise for later, but for now, all that was on his mind was to make Wilbur feel better.

As he opened the door, expecting the sight of a nervous Tommy, he was surprised to see the room empty. Gulping, his eyes scanned the room for the blond teen as Wilbur grabbed the keys on the desk and rushed to get his guitar, still sobbing. You know that cold feeling they mention in the movies, that moment when you know you've fucked up and it feels like everything good about you has been sucked out of the world? That was how Techno felt as he noticed the pile of stationery and books dumped on the floor, followed by the open window and image of a boy sprinting round the corner of the street.

Wilbur walked back in with a sniffle, much calmer than earlier, "Tommy don't eve—" He began before noticing the boy's absence in the room, "Uhh, Tech, where is Tommy?" the boy continued, noticing the panicked expression on the pink-haired boy's face.

"Fuck" The latter said, rushing out of the house and running along the streets looking for someone who was long gone.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the lack of updates, I've been busy with school because apparently we need Psychology exams, EPQ applications and such right before half-term. But I am on holiday next week so I will hopefully make up for it. I'm (again) not sure about this chapter and may delete it. :(

# **Chapter 11**

## Chapter Summary

Let's look for Tommy XD

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### Chapter 11

-

Techno knew he should have called Phil. Maybe it was the initial fear of punishment, or his impulsive tendencies, that made him decide to hopelessly wander the streets for the better half of an hour before trudging home, stressed and anxious. Wilbur had (finally) managed to convince the boy to head home in order to call their father on the landline.

As Will stood, listening to the dial tone, and waiting for Phil to pick up, Techno paced. He got why the kid ran- I mean, he was fourteen and had just been threatened by someone who had threatened to kill him on his first day at the home.

“Dad!” Wilbur exclaimed on the phone, struggling to turn it onto live speaker.

Phil’s voice came from the other side of the phone. “What’s up Guys, I’m actually on my way home now, ended early.” He said, cheery voice doing no help to calm the other boys.

Techno bit his lip before speaking at the phone. “Dad. I- Tommy’s gone.” He said, not even bothering to note his bluntness.

“WHAT?” Phil yelled down the phone in panic, “Okay- shit- okay, I’ll be home in two minutes then we can go look for him. Do you know where he went or when or anything?”

Wilbur spoke up this time, “He, uh, He jumped out the window then ran down the street. That’s all I know. We tried to follow him, but he disappeared.”

----

Both Wilbur and Techno were somewhat happy that their father was too stressed to yell at them, not that they were happy- each boy blaming themselves for what happened. Their father had run in the house and given the boys their mobile phones, before getting back in the car and arranging some sort of search pattern with the two of them.

It was a site to see, the Watson family had been scouring the town for hours looking for the blonde boy. Phil drove around in his car. Wilbur scoured the town centre and school area. Techno had taken to dingy alleyways after checking all of Tommy's friends.

It was luck that Techno managed to walk down the exact alleyway that the younger boy was curled up in. He was so close to giving up. When he saw the shaking boy, partially lay against the wall and clutching a stuffed backpack, his heart clenched. Tommy's eyes were red and puffy, his entire body shivering from lack of heat. He walked over slowly and memorised any paths that Tommy could try and escape from before pinging both Phil and Wilbur with his location and a quick text that consisted of '*found him*'.

"Tommy." The Pinkett started hesitantly, guilt pooling in his stomach as the younger boy flinched and pressed himself against the wall, lip quivering. "Are- are you okay?"

----

Tommy's day was going shit. He was sat in an alleyway freezing and sluggish after running away and experiencing one of the worst panic attacks he can remember- that's a lie, he's had worse. To make matters worse, all he wanted to do was to go ~~home~~ to the Watson's house. He missed it. The movie nights he was 'forced' to attend and the chats over mealtimes. He missed not having to worry about food or where the next punch is (well, Techno was scary, but he didn't actually think he would hurt him- guess he was wrong).

That was why he almost believed he was dreaming when he heard Techno's almost tender "Tommy". He wasn't, the blonde realised, pushing himself up against the wall as if it would save him from the beating that he was sure to get for upsetting the muscular man's brother. He was ready for it, accepting, only to be surprised by Techno's worried "Are- are you okay?".

Tommy was shocked, it was almost like the teen was worried about him (hah! As if.). "I- I'm sorry, please." Was all Tommy replied with, fearing way too much for his wellbeing to give one of his sarcastic replies.

"No, no don't- I – look I didn't mean it. I'm the sorry one. Please- please don't cry." Techno said, panicking (look, emotions weren't his thing). He sat down at the wall opposite from Tommy, knowing that he would cause a panic attack if he tried to hug the boy, no matter how much the guilt bubbling inside wanted him to.

*Cry? Tommy hadn't realised the tears that were streaming down his cheeks till that moment, way to look weak... wait did he apologise to me?* "What?" Tommy asked after letting out a quiet sob, "Why are you sorry?"

Techno shifted, "look, I- I didn't mean what I said, I just wanted you to open the door because Wil was freakin' out an' I know it wasn't your fault, but I didn't know what to do. Please- I'm sorry, just- please come home." If anyone asked Techno was definitely not near tears- no way- not a chance.

"But it is my fault" Tommy whispered, pulling himself up so he could sit, knees clutched to his chest, backpack lying next to him.

"No, you didn't- you couldn't have known that Wil would get that upset. I mean- I still don't get why you did it, but Wil getting upset wasn't really your fault because you didn't know."

"Why do you want me to come home? Phil will just be angry at me and- and Wilbur will hate me."

"Nobody hates you." Techno said with a frown, pulling himself across the alley to sit next to the blonde who stiffened before eventually relaxing. "We all just want you to come home because- because it's been three or so weeks and your family now." The boy caught a look from the blonde before continuing "I've decided it now, so you're stuck with us. I'm sorry about saying Phil would send you back. I didn't mean it."

Tommy shifted, sobbing more harshly because he never actually felt *wanted* before and he didn't know how to handle it. As the conflicting emotions became too much in his head, he flung himself at the older boy, sobbing into his shoulder. Would he feel embarrassed about this and deny it ever happening later? Yes.

----

Phil had managed to pick up Wilbur on the way to the location that Techno had sent, a dingy

alleyway on the other side of town. As he walked down, his heart almost melted at the sight before him. His youngest (yes, Tommy was definitely his son now) curled up half on top of Techno, who seemed completely at ease (he'd only ever seen him like that with Wilbur). Said son was stood behind him, not wanting to crowd the blonde with an influx of people.

As Tommy let out a little sniffle (was it bad Phil thought that was cute?) The older man decided to let his presence be known. "Are you guys alright?" He said softly, causing both boys to look up at him and noting that Tommy looked slightly worried.

After a quiet "Yup." From techno and a cautious nod from Tommy, Phil smiled. "Okay, do you think it's okay to come to the car Tommy? You look like you're freezing."

After another tentative nod, Tommy shakily got to his feet, looking at Wilbur to see if he was mad at him. After the older boy smiled at him, he began to walk to the car, followed by a grumbling techno wiping dirt from his jeans and picking up Tommy's otherwise forgotten schoolbag.

----

In the car. Tommy found himself in the back with Techno who was now (strangely) his semblance of safety. Like a couple of hours ago this guy terrified him and now he feels safest around him? Makes no sense. The heating had been turned on high and Phil and Wilbur had turned around to face the back.

"I'm sorry." Tommy said, studying the trainers he was wearing. Not feeling up to looking at Phil and Wilbur who had to be mad at him.

"Okay, I don't actually know what happened today, the three of you are going to have to explain. But first, Tommy, are you sure your fine, no injuries or anything." Phil said, looking over the boy as if he would be able to spot a scrape or bruise on the young boy.

Tommy tried not to smile as he shook his head. For some reason, he was slowly accepting these people as family (he wasn't supposed to do that but oh well.) and the fact Phil cared and wasn't yelling was comforting. Not that he was feeling optimistic about this conversation. After Phil found out what Tommy had done, and yes, it was his fault (no matter what techno said) he would probably want him to leave. And although that had been Tommy's plan, the thought hurt him inside.

Wilbur shuffled on his seat before looking at his father. “I- Tommy pulled a prank I guess, and nobody had explained about the guitar, so I freaked out. Then Tech freaked out and I started crying and shit. Don’t really remember much after that till Tommy was gone and me and Tech tried to find him then call you.”

“I didn’t mean to,” Tommy whispered, tears appearing again (The amount of crying he has done) “I’m really sorry, please don’t hate me.”

Techno jumped in “I already told ya, nobody hates you, it wasn’t your fault it-it was mine.” He said, looking up at his father to try and gauge how angry the man was. After a few tense moments of silence, he continued, talking to Phil. “I came out of my room an’ Wilbur was freaking out and the guitar was gone, and I just panicked. So- uh” he said, letting out a hitched sob (and hoping nobody noticed) “so I tried to get Tommy to open his door to get the key to get it back, but it was locked. So, I- said some shit to try and get him out. I swear I didn’t mean it, and I know it was wrong, but I didn’t know what to do and I thought it worked but Tommy was gone.”

As techno trailed off at the end, failing to suppress another sob, Phil sighed and pulled a hand through his hair. “This sound right Toms?” he said, noticing how the younger boy calmed down at the nickname.

“Y-yeah Big man. I’m really sorry though” The boy said, playing with an elastic band that always seemed to be on his wrist.

“Okay” Phil said, smiling at the boys two of which seemed anxious and one of which (\*cough\* Techno \*cough\*) who looked like they were about to cry. “So, we all made some mistakes tonight, yeah, but it all seems like it was accidental, and nobody actually meant to hurt anyone, so, we are going to forget about any punishments okay, head home, and we can have a talk about things while watching a movie because I feel like today was preventable.”

After seeing the relieved looks on the boy’s faces (and maybe a guilty one on the Pinkett) he continued gesturing at his two sixteen-year-olds. “You two can keep the phones, I was going to unground you tomorrow, but It can just be from tonight, cool?” He said, earning a grin from Wilbur and another guilty look from Techno (Okay, so he’s going to have to have a private conversation with his son after this).

The man started up the car, looking over his shoulder one last time and sending a comforting smile to the three boys, “Seatbelts on then, and seeing as I doubt you’ve had dinner, we can stop off at McDonalds on the way.”

Again, long wait, but I do (hopefully) have another chapter or two that'll come out tomorrow. This one is also longer than usual- not by much though :)

## Chapter 12

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

#### Chapter 12

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The drive back home was tense at best, silent and uncomfortable with the only talking happening with the McDonalds orders. Okay, Phil knew that all their problems wouldn't be instantly solved with a bit of crying and a 'family talk' but at least the boys seemed to be getting along. Techno was quiet- not that he usually wasn't- but this was a sort of guilty silence that made Phil genuinely worried for the teen. Wilbur seemed to be fine, coming down from the rush of emotions earlier by playing some dumb snake game on his phone. Tommy was doing as well as anyone would expect, feeling scared but loved at the same time; the conflicting emotions confusing the blonde.

After what seemed like hours in tense silence the four males clambered out of the car. Handing the bags of warm nuggets and burgers and fries (how much did his kids eat?) over to Wilbur and Tommy, Phil asked them to set it out in the kitchen. The two teens ran inside as Phil pulled open the door, key still in the lock before Phil turned to look at his middle child. The boy in question was shifting on his feet, hand clutched around his phone, scared and guilty look on his face.

"You, uh, you wanna talk dad?" Techno said, apprehension clear in his voice.

Phil looked straight into his son's eyes, noticing the spark of anxiety that appeared in them. "Tech, is there something *you* want to talk about? It's just, you don't seem to be very, what's the word? at ease? With the outcome tonight. I do have a vague understanding of what happened today, but I would like you to expand that knowledge... why do you seem to feel so guilty Tech?" Phil said, pulling his son down the hall towards his office.

Techno shifted, "Am I- am I a bad person Dad?" came out in a whisper, tears pooling in the boy's eyes (again, that did not happen, not at all).

Phil's gaze softened, "No techy," He said, watching his son calm down at the old nickname, "I'm sure whatever happened was fine, just- I want to know more okay? You're not a bad person, you know that, and you also know that I love you."

Techno shot him a disbelieving look but started talking anyway, "I said some really bad things Dad, I didn't mean them, I promise. I just was stressed because my algebra teacher pulled out a surprise test on us and then I came out the room to Wilbur shouting then having a breakdown. I just

wanted Tommy to open the door.”

“Okay, I believe you, I’m not angry, just- tell me what you said.”

“I maybe (possibly) said that I’d breakdown the door and hurt him” A quick lance at his father’s expression only to notice it’s unreadable “and then, then, I said that you m-might send him b-back.” Techno ended with a sob, hands shaking and desperately trying to scrub the tears dripping down his face.

“Techno,” Phil said sighing, pulling his son closer “Calm down, I’m not angry. I know you didn’t mean it. Don’t give me that look. What you said was wrong, you know that, and I know that. But like I said in the car, nobody purposely wanted to hurt anyone, so nobody got in trouble.”

“But it is my fault.” Techno said, desperately trying to prevent more tears from falling, “Tommy didn’t know, and Wil didn’t really do anything. But me? I knew that would scare Tommy and I still did it. I mean, I was Going to apologise after but still.”

“What do you want me to say Techno? I don’t blame you, what you did was wrong, but I know you just wanted to help, and you didn’t mean it. Do you what, want me to punish you so you feel less guilty?”

“Maybe”

Phil’s eyebrows raised, “I just ungrounded you, I’m not going to re-ground you for a mistake you already clearly regret.”

“But I did something wrong, and when you do something wrong you need to be punished.”

“Techno, you know that your old families were wrong with that, you don’t need to be punished for every mistake you make. However, if it will make you feel better, I will give you more chores to do. Okay?”

Techno sniffled before nodding, tears completely scrubbed from his face, he had half expected to be hit- okay, Phil didn’t do that, but the other families did.

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Meanwhile, Tommy and Wilbur were in the kitchen plating out McDonalds. “Why are we putting it on plates? They come in boxes.” Tommy grumbled before freezing and looking at Wilbur, he had momentarily forgot about the crippling fear.

Wilbur laughed, looking at Tommy carefully, “We are not savages, we eat from plates. Also, stop that… the looking terrified. I know you might hate me because of earlier, I’m sorry you felt like you had to run away.”

“Why- why would I hate you? It’s all my fault, I didn’t mean to make you cry- really- I just, I just wanted you to get angry, so I’d get kicked out.”

“Why would you want to be kicked out? Did we do something wrong, look I’m joking when I’m mean -well usually- what did we do?”

Tommy was genuinely surprised by Wilbur’s worry. “What? No- just, I’m gonna get kicked out earlier, isn’t it better sooner rather than later?”

Wilbur laughed, he genuinely laughed. “Phil’s never going to kick you out you know. You’ve pretty much joined the family, even if you’re sometimes a bitch. We don’t want you to leave. Ew, this got sentimental.”

Tommy joined in Wilbur’s laughter, quickly muttering a “Thanks, and I’m sorry.”

Wilbur (feeling especially nice and sentimental for the day) looked at his new brother “It’s not your fault, you didn’t know. I should have told you, but the guitar is like a comfort item almost. It was my Dad’s -like actual Dad- and I don’t know it’s the only thing I had when I got pulled out after he overdosed.”

Tommy felt awkward, now he felt bad. It was Wilbur’s only connection to his old family. “Oh, I’m sorry. I don’t remember my parents. Anyways, where is your dad and Techno? The food is getting cold.”

“yes, good question.” Wilbur said, quickly taking up the change of conversation and shoving some fries in his mouth.

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It was another ten minutes before the other two surfaced in the kitchen, grabbing their plates of food, and sitting down at the table. Techno was hoping nobody mentioned his puffy red eyes, he couldn't deal with the embarrassment of having *emotions*. So, he took a large bite from one of the two burgers on his plate, looking anywhere but the other people at the table.

Phil looked up and started speaking "So, I've decided that we need to be more transparent as a family. AND I also think that we should start up family night sometime. That's cool? Cool. So, I think that we should all come out about triggers and such so that something like today doesn't happen today."

Wilbur nodded, chewing on a couple of fries before grinning, "Hello, my name is Wilbur and I have been awesome for sixteen years."

This caused everyone at the table to begin laughing, with Phil saying, "This isn't alcoholics anonymous, be serious Wil." In between wheezes.

"Okay, okay, uhm triggers, my guitar and needles and when adults get angry, not kids or like people our age, I don't give a fuck about them. Anddd, I say family night on Tuesdays."

Then, Wilbur turned to look at Techno who grumbled before speaking up "Fine. I don't like shouting and yeah."

"What about the failure thing?" Wilbur piped up, earning a glare from both Techno and Phil.

"And I don't like doing bad at shit. Happy?" Techno growled out, kicking his older brother (by three months) under the table.

Tommy quickly took a gulp of his drink as everyone turned to look at him expectantly. "Don't like getting beat up." He said simply, shrugging and sticking a nugget in his mouth.

"Okay, now that's all out of the way, and I agree Wil Tuesday is good. What film are we watching tonight?"

## Chapter End Notes

This was going to be at the end of last chapter but it was getting long so I put it here. It is a bit rushed and doesn't have as much detail as I would like. There's also a lot of crying. Oh well. :)

## Chapter 13

### Chapter Summary

IDK I've been told to write about cookies.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

#### Chapter 13

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It had been a couple of days, a couple of days of cautious chatter and skirting around each other in the hallways. Now, the weekend had ended (after Phil let them have Friday off school) and they had all piled into the car. Wilbur kept on trying to fix the silence with terrible jokes, Tommy was trying to come to terms with the idea that these people want him, Techno was brooding in guilty self-pity and Phil was just trying to help everyone get along again.

The school day was long. All three boys feeling exhausted and frustrated, barely managing not to snap at each other as they clambered in the car. Phil was quiet, noticing the tense mood and wondering whether he should have given them more time off from school. Making a rash decision (he's been doing that a lot lately) he spoke up as the boys pulled on their seatbelts.

“When we get home, go leave your things in your rooms, we are going to do something together. No arguments.”

Hearing a groan from all his sons, Phil turned on the engine “But Dad! I have homework!” Wilbur started, whining.

“No arguments” Phil said, voice harder but still cheery, watching his son give him the finger through the rear-view window.

----

Twenty minutes later, the three boys found themselves in the kitchen as Phil chucked an apron at each of his sons. Simple white one for himself, plain black for Techno, bright red for Tommy and a frilly pink one for Wilbur. He almost grinned as Wilbur began moaning about why he got the ugly

princess one, only replying with “You should have been nicer in the car.”

The boys begrudgingly pulled on the apron and walked towards the kitchen table that was covered in baking ingredients. “We are baking cookies, then we will decorate them. No arguments.” Phil said in a sing song voice pulling out a bowl for each boy and a recipe.

“So, I have to wait to do my English essay, because you want to make cookies?” Wilbur said, pouting.

Phil just smiled at his oldest son before pulling out a scale and ordering Tommy to measure out butter and sugar for everyone. The boy in question had been hanging back, and Phil was done with the separation in the house. Soon, everyone was hand mixing butter and sugar together in their respective bowls.

“Phil?” Tommy said, shaking his sore arm out for the fifth time since he started, “I think we are supposed to use an electric whisk you know; this is taking ages!”

Phil grinned at how carefree the boy seemed, “No we have to hand mix it, so they’re filled with love... duh!” He said, grinning playfully at his boys’ groans.

“That’s stupid.” Techno spoke up, still trying to cream together the butter and sugar.

“Agreed!” Both Tommy and Wilbur chimed in, the two of which who had decided it was ‘creamed’ enough.

----

Eventually, after a lot of instructions from Phil and playful moaning from the boys, the cookies were cooked and cooling on a wire rack. Phil’s plan had worked however, and he relished in the way that his sons were now laughing together and exchanging playful banter in a way that hadn’t happened since Thursday. They were currently mixing together frosting in bright hues of blue, green, red, and white as Phil checked how cool the cookies were.

“The cookies are ready to decorate!” Phil said, carrying them over to the table to be met with the grabby hands of his children. Wilbur was insistent that they try and make them into flags, ordering around his father and youngest siblings happily.

“That’s not Japan Techno! You did that on purpose! It’s the easiest one white with a red dot, why is there a blue star in the middle?” Wilbur wined, stealing the cookie from the Pinkett.

And looking at it in disgust.

Techno frowned before a mischievous smile appeared on his face. He dipped three of his fingers into the red frosting and turned to his older brother. “I’m sorry, here have some *red*.” He said, before smearing the frosting on Wilbur’s face, causing Tommy and Phil to burst out laughing when Wilbur got a handful of blue and returned the favour.

“You two think this is funny?” Wilbur said, picking up more frosting and motioning to Techno to do the same.

Soon, frosting was flying around the kitchen, the cookies had been hurriedly put away to be safe inside a cupboard by Phil, and all four of them were covered in the sugary decoration. Eventually, the war had stopped, leaving a messy kitchen and four people rolling around on the floor laughing.

“You three are going to help me clean this up!” Phil managed to wheeze out, eyes stinging with tears from how hard he was laughing.

----

It was much later that night when the four found themselves in the living room, curled up together on a sofa and now clean from frosting. It had taken them a while, but the kitchen was tidy, and they had managed to take turns using the shower. Now, they were sat doing their own respective things in the living room feasting on turkey sandwiches and cookies. Wilbur was sat, leaning against Phil on his laptop, rapidly typing out an essay on the poem ‘Remains’ which was due the next day. Techno found himself reading a book, sat next to Wilbur with Tommy tucked in his side doing some worksheet for his mechanics class.

“This makes no sense!” Tommy whined, looking over the notes he had made from his lesson only to find a few haphazardly written equations.

Wilbur rolled his eyes “just look it up gremlin.” He said, still typing out some nonsense about a poem he barely read.

“I can’t just go to the school library now!” Tommy said, snarking back at his brother (brother, he liked that word).

Phil quietened the Television show he was watching before sitting up to look at Tommy, “I completely forgot, I have a spare laptop for you to use because I got a new one from work. We can set it up and stuff sometime if you want?” He said, grinning like a child at Tommy’s nod, “Also, we need to get you a phone in case I need to contact you, or you want to message your friends or whatever.”

Tommy gulped at this, “you don’t have to give me anything, or buy anything really, I haven’t had a phone for a while, I don’t need one.” This was true, his old phone he had gotten from the system when he turned twelve was stolen a couple of weeks after he had gotten it.

“No, you need a phone so we can add you to the family group chat and you can like facetime Tubbo whenever.” Wilbur said, along with an approving grunt from Techno who seemed mostly consumed by his book and cut off from the real world.

Tommy smiled, was this what family was supposed to feel like? They actually cared, wanted to do stuff for him. He had had fun with them today and just felt so at ease. Tommy decided he liked family and that he wanted to stay with them for as long as possible.

#### Chapter End Notes

I'm now really wanting to make cookies but we don't have all the ingredients :(

## Chapter 14

### Chapter Summary

Just some Tubbo stuff and a janitors closet.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

#### Chapter 14

Tubbo was having a great day. First, Nikki made him cake for breakfast (it was so good) and he left relatively on time for school. His first class was supposed to be French, but he had been kicked off the course due to dyslexia. So, instead, he hung out with Ranboo in the study hall, waiting for his next class. The rest of the time went perfectly, spending his time in class taking somewhat legible notes and chatting to any of his friends that were with him.

He met up with Tommy at the entrance to the canteen and then sat down on a table with Ranboo, Quackity being nowhere in sight.

“There are so many fucking women in this room.” Tommy said, stuffing his mouth with a chicken and lettuce sandwich.

Ranboo looked up with an eyebrow raised “Well duh! It’s a school idiot.” He replied, sticking his tongue out of the blonde.

“Tubboooo, Ranboo is being mean, tell him to stop because I’m the biggest man ever!” Tommy wined causing both his friends to start laughing.

He pouted, “It’s fine, just me and the bros chilling, no time for women anyway, I’m married to the grind.”

Tommy didn’t miss the careful look that Ranboo shot at Tubbo, or how the smaller (much smaller) boy shifted on his seat. He decided to quickly change the subject- because awkward situations are just the worst. “Did I tell you guys that Phil gave me his old laptop? It’s fucking awesome!”

Tubbo perked up at this “YESS! This means that we can play games together. You’ve got to get Minecraft... oh and get discord so then we can video call whenever and it’ll be so good.”

“And we can go on a server together, why didn’t you tell us this earlier Tommy?” Ranboo added, looking at the other boy in mock anger.

The three friends began talking animatedly and Tubbo realised how happy he was that Tommy had moved here, he was the perfect addition to the group.

“Look It’s Tara and her two weird boyfriends.” Someone said behind him. Tubbo froze, tears multiplying in his eyes, barely held back from escaping. At the sight of the sneering face of who used to be his childhood best friend, Tubbo ran off, leaving the canteen in an instant and barely managing to grab a hold of his schoolbag.

----

Tommy was, understandably, confused by the whole scene. This didn’t stop him from racing after his friend closely followed by Ranboo. He was slightly out of breath after having followed Tubbo to the other side of the school and to see the boy rush into a janitor’s closet. The two other boys stopped outside as Ranboo heaved in lungfuls of air. Tommy carefully knocked on the door to hear a broken “Go Away” from Tubbo.

“Hey Tubbo, it’s me and Tommy, can we come in” Ranboo said, finally having caught his breath enough to speak.

A sniffle was heard before a timid “Okay.”

“Hey Tubbo, you okay- shit- that was a bad question-uh- hi.” Tommy said, sitting down awkwardly across from the brunette and earning a wet chuckle from the crying boy.

Tubbo shifted “I’m fine. Just being stupid.”

“You’re not being stupid! You have every reason to be upset” Ranboo started “he’s just being a bitch.”

Tubbo looked like he was going to reply when he was cut off by three bodies barrelling into the closet and slamming the door on Tommy.

"Tubbo, are you okay? What's wrong? We saw your text." Nikki said, practically throwing herself on the younger boy and smothering him in a huge hug.

The two other people (Fundy and Dream) sat down, the closet quickly becoming cramped. Silence was thick in the air; the only sound being shuffling and grunts from Tommy that poked his now bruised arm.

Tubbo looked up, "Harry is just being a bitch again, nothing major, sorry to bother you guys." He said, attempting to play the situation off.

"He dead named him." Ranboo said simply.

This caused chaos to erupt in the small room, Dream's expression suddenly going cold, muttering an "I'll be back" and leaving before anyone could stop him. Fundy began bad mouthing the boy who had made Tubbo upset (or at least, Tommy assumed so, he was very out of the loop.) Nikki was trying to comfort Tubbo who was making a half-hearted attempt to get someone to stop Dream.

----

Eventually, the room calmed down and the bell rung, Dream appearing back after ten minutes with bruised and bloody knuckles. Tommy was sat awkwardly by the door, completely confused by what was happening. Nikki seemed to notice this after lecturing her brother on how "Violence is never the answer" and "You're going to be suspended now!". She nudged Tubbo who looked up and remembered his friend was there and bit his lip nervously.

"Uh, hey Tommy." Tubbo said awkwardly.

Tommy looked up, "Hi?" He said, confusion lacing his voice as the room went quiet.

"So- uh- you're probably confused." Tubbo started, continuing after a nod from Tommy. "So, the thing is, basically, that guy -uh Harry- he said... he said my dead name and I got upset. Basically, uh, what I'm trying to say is I'm trans. Uh, yeah."

Tommy was quiet for a moment, processing the information before looking back at Tubbo “So this Harry guys a dick... Can we kill him?” causing a choked laugh to escape his blonde friend.

Dream, Nikki, Fundy and Ranboo relaxed at this, glad that the boy had accepted Tubbo so easily.

“You don’t care?” Tubbo said, still nervous that his new friend would hate him.

“Nope. It’s not like it changes anything” Tommy said shrugging, looking at dream “Except the blood stains on your brother’s clothes, holy shit, what did you do?”

At that moment, the intercom chimes ‘*could Clay Schlatt please report to the headmaster’s office immediately*’ the room (small closet?) filled with laughter as the boy in green stood up looking sheepish. “I guess you’ll have to wait and see Tommy.” He said, before leaving once again.

Ranboo looked up and spoke for the first time in a while “by the way, guys, did you know that Tommy has a laptop now so he can join discord?” Causing Fundy and Nikki to start planning a Minecraft server with the tree boys.

----

By the time, the bell for the end of the day had rang, the five teenagers were still talking animatedly. They left each other with promises and plans to play Minecraft together later on (If Tommy could get it).

Bu the time Tommy got to Phil’s car he was ten minutes late and was met with concerned looks from the rest of his ‘family’. He entered the car, slightly worried by the looks he was getting. “Uh hey?” he said.

“Jesus Tommy, we thought you’d died or something because you’re never been late, and I got a call from school that you weren’t in your last two lessons. Can you explain?” Phil said, expression turning from relief to confusion to anger.

“Uh, someone upset Tubbo, so we skipped?” tommy said, smiling innocently.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry this was really rushed because I've been busy so there are probably a load of mistakes. if anyone has any ideas for upcoming chapters please tell me because I'm unsure what to do next (I have a few ideas)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!